

## OUR ABANDONED FARMS

### AND ABANDONED GRIST MILLS AND OTHER MILLS.

And Why All This Abandonment Has Occurred—Cheaper Freightage for Flour by Railroad From Minnesota to New Haven Nowadays Than From Woodbridge to New Haven by Truck—Water Power on Our Country Streams Discarded by Steam Power in the Cities Because of Expensive Cartage From Suburban Towns to Tide Water or Railroad—What a Trip Up the Woodbridge and Bethany Hills Reveals in the Shape of Dismantled Factories and Abandoned Mill Sites—Some Bits of Local Historical Interest—A Model Farm—What Our Suburban Farmers Thrive By in These Days—A Woodbridge Descendant of the Great Oliver Cromwell It was a promising afternoon Saturday for a trip to Woodbridge hills, the hot July sun being obscured by a hazy sky and the temperature, thus favoring an excursion into the country. There were indications by the barometer of a shower or two later on in the day, but only of showers. So a party of New Haveners, among whom was Congressman N. D. Sperry and his brother, E. B. Knight Sperry, sallied forth for a drive on the aforesaid hills in a canopied carriage to the music of the rhythmic hoof beats of the latter named gentleman's fine pair of steppers. As usual, this trip to the said hills has a peculiar and tender interest to the excursionists mentioned, as their old home was in Woodbridge. There they were born and reared; there the remains of the old homestead are and every nook and turn in the road, every old house and every new one, every old landmark, the old familiar highways and byways, the lanes and hedges, the copses, the thicket, the stones and running brooks, all have to them a familiar and especial an unfading interest. Here and there as the ponies trotted musically by with even step, exemplifying the poetry of motion, were passed various abandoned mill sites. And this set the congressman to musing over the subject to which national interest has been attracted—the subject of abandoned New England farms and mill sites. One would think the agricultural glories of New England had all departed to read the dismal pictures given in the public prints on this subject, the fact that there yet remain many fine and model farms, being temporarily overlooked. Nevertheless there are in many parts of New England just such an array of abandoned mill sites as is to be seen on a trip to the Woodbridge hills. Of abandoned farms, none are to be seen, but of mill sites there are many. But why, mused the congressman. What's to hinder? Why, the reason for the abandoned farms of New England and abandoned mill sites is plain.

Just think of the usually cheap freightage to bring a barrel of flour by railroad from far off Minnesota to New Haven than it is to cart it from a Woodbridge farm to New Haven. It is cheaper flour freightage from Minnesota to New Haven than it is to cart flour five or ten miles to New Haven from Bethany or Woodbridge. What use then for our grist mills and flouring mills in these towns? Their extinction for commercial purposes was simply a foregone conclusion, when railroad freightage became so cheap. The west and milling accommodations conducted on so vast a scale. This is why the use for these mills which stood along the pretty stream that flows down the ravine to the lovely valley between the big hills that flank the drive to Woodbridge and Bethany came to fall to decay.

Then, continued the congressman: As to abandoned farms, what chance had New England farmers to compete when Uncle Sam gives away a farm of 160 acres to every bona fide settler who wants one, a practice which our great and glorious government has been indulging in since 1860 or thereabouts, with grand results, as shown in the great increase of national wealth that has resulted therefrom.

Here are two abundant reasons to account for the decay of our mills and the abandoned farms seen in many places in New England. The cost of transporting flour and other grain to market by wagon, especially from interior towns distant from railroads, has been such in comparison with the low freightage on the railroad that the small farmers had a terribly unequal contest, and have gone to the wall. The same applies to the factories which were once numerous along our country streams, but whose busy hum at the old haunts has ceased forever. These factories, whether run by water power or steam power, had to either give up business or remove their business to the cities to get into proximity with the railroad and save the expense of cartage over the country roads. But the farmers in Woodbridge and Bethany and the farmers generally in country towns whose farms are near cities or whose farm products can be readily transported to the cities find a comfortable maintenance in supplying the cities with milk, butter and table vegetables. Fields of waving grain there are, but the product is for home consumption, not for commercial purposes.

As the ponies jogged on, the congressman exclaimed: Here was Cox's mill, the wheels of which, the old adage said, never stood still by night or day. Now all is still there.

Next we came to the old Blake mill, where hardware was made. And just ahead was the old mill that William R. Shelton, afterward mayor of New Haven, ran. After him William A. Clark had it, and made bits and augurs. Next Wales French, afterwards chief of police of New Haven, ran it in the same line of business. Now it is occupied by the Beechers for their great match factory industry. But the old mills are gone. And of all the mills whose busy mill wheels were turned by this stream none remain except the Parker mill—all either extinct or gone to tide water or to near the railroad.

And here let me indulge in a bit of personal recollection. Right there opposite the Congregational church was the village school where I taught school many years ago, receiving therefor \$17 a month and my board.

Ah, there is the Parker mill which does a big business in manufacturing blotting paper, a large amount of which is made for the United States government. It is as I said, the only remaining mill on the stream. The invention of steam and the necessity of cheap

cartage has either driven all the rest to the city or caused an abandonment of the business.

Just up there was the shop where Mr. Way of New Haven and Mr. Miller of Woodbridge made carriage springs, one of the first shops of the kind in the country. Afterwards the place became Harper's Pond Lily paper mill, which was for years very flourishing. Now naught remains, and all is still.

And now for a personal reminiscence. Now we come to Sperry's farm. My ancestor, Richard Sperry, bought this farm from the noted Stephen Goodyear, who was deputy governor of Connecticut, cut away back in 1640, or thereabouts, and one of whose lineal descendants is my friend, Miles H. Goodyear, who sits by my side. The deed for the farm gave all the land between the two mountain ridges, which you see on the right and left respectively, and extending on the south to the river running through Westville and extending as far north as the good land goeth.

Under such a blanket deed as this, continued the congressman, gravely winking one eye at the off horse, we can claim to the Pacific coast, as the deed calls for "all the land on the west as the good land goeth." But let me here state that for the peace of mind of occupants of this land, we do not propose to press the claim under any circumstances.

Ah! Over there is the house where two of the greatest thieves ever known in this region lived many years ago. They were known as "Thunderbolt and Lightning." They were a terror in this vicinity.

And here on the left is the lane through which the British red coats marched when in quest of the regicides, and Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell and my ancestor of that period, Richard Sperry, who had many times fled and sheltered the regicides, saw the red coats as they approached, and Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell discreetly fled to the hill which you see over yonder called Providence Hill.

That brick house over yonder was built by Albert Sperry, who built the North church, New Haven. Mr. Sperry was an uncle of the late Peck Sperry, who was for many years in business on Chapel street, New Haven, firm of Skinner & Sperry.

And over there stood the old cooper shop—now no more. The shop was run by a man who afterward removed to a place near Syracuse, N. Y., and amassed a large fortune in manufacturing operations there.

And by the way, this turnpike we are riding over is the old Litchfield turnpike. It was a great highway once. The mails were carried over this road, and the farmers from up Waterbury way and beyond brought their produce to market in New Haven over this road. They stopped for the night either at Clark's hotel over there or at Darling's, a little further on, both of which were very popular hostleries in their day.

These hotels are no more. The railroads serve the farmers for transportation now if they have anything to transport to a distance.

At the old Darling place Mr. Bishop now resides. It is yet a very fine place. A son of Mr. Bishop is of the Bradley, Dann & Carrington Co., right under the "Journal and Courier" office.

And here we are opposite the dam. Just over there on the hillside are the ruins of the old cement kiln, where twenty-five years ago they made cement from the rocks that are so abundant around it. It was good cement, but the business failed and was killed because cement was a cheap article and because it took off all the profits to cart the stuff to New Haven. Perhaps some day an electric road will come by here and then the business might be profitably worked.

Pardon a personal digression. You see lining the road that fine line of maples and how thrifty they are? Well, a few years ago I came up here and delivered a lecture before the Village Improvement society. One thing I advocated was tree planting and here, through the enterprise of the people, you see the result.

Over there was the home of Deacon French, the noted poet set type for the "Journal and Courier." The property is now owned by the New Haven Water company.

And now let me tell you that over there in that house is a descendant of the great Oliver Cromwell. Her name is Judge, Mrs. Judge, whose husband you see standing near the house. Mr. Judge's wife is a descendant of that great personage, Oliver Cromwell, who made England a power full over the world. And Mrs. Judge has in her house a camp stool that did duty in Cromwell's army.

Near this locality are the foundations of a factory where Mr. Peck, who was the father of the late Lawyer Lucius Peck of New Haven, made iron candlesticks. The place is now no more.

Just up there is an old school house under the hill. Once from thirty-five to forty school children used to teach there, now the number has dwindled down to seven or eight.

Just in that hollow above the lake once stood a grist mill. It was a busy place in its day. It is now no more. It is cheaper to do business in the cities and nigh to the iron horses.

Ah! Here we pass the house of friend Doolittle, he of flying machine note. Some day he expects to fly through the air with the great weight of one of his machines he has been so long at work in his leisure hours.

Up there is the house where our esteemed and wealthy townsman, Joel A. Sperry, was born.

Up there to the right was once a factory where the grandfather of the late Nelson Hotchkiss of New Haven made hoes and rakes. Now it is all deserted.

The company here passed to take a look down the long sweep of valley which lies between the ridges, the view including the splendid new lake of the New Haven Water company, Dawson lake, named in honor of our esteemed deceased townsman, the late Henry S. Dawson. The view in question is certainly very beautiful.

And now, concluded Mr. Sperry, we come to a model farm, one of the model farms of Connecticut, that of our friend, Mr. S. G. Davidson, who is one of Bethany's most honored and esteemed men. It is indeed a model of what thrift, good taste, enterprise, foresight and sagacity well employed can accomplish. With Mr. Davidson in charge, even a wilderness could be made to blossom like the rose.

Mr. Sperry and party were the guests of Mr. Davidson and of his estimable wife and son for an hour, after which the homeward journey was begun, and Mr. Knight Sperry's ponies soon brought the travelers home, the homeward journey, though, being by the route which passes the site of the

Sperry homestead. The rains descended on the scene in a lively fashion for a time, wetting down the dusty roads, and in the gathering darkness and copious downfall of rain the deserted mill sites looked truly grim and desolate.

## HARRISON'S FLAG SPEECH.

On the Occasion of the Raising of the Stars and Stripes at the Old Forge House—No Politics, Simply Patriotism.

Old Forge, N. Y., July 28.—An American flag was raised in front of the Old Forge hotel here yesterday, and General Harrison talked patriotism for ten minutes to 150 men and women. Those who hoped that he would say something political did not know him and so suffered a disappointment. His remarks were confined entirely to the Fourth of July style of oratory, and nothing he said had any significance whatever.

The day dawned dull and rainy, and the dullness and rain increased steadily as the time passed until a constant downpour fell upon the little gathering at the foot of the Fulton chain of lakes.

General Harrison, with his private secretary, Mr. Tibbott, arrived from the Dodd camp in a small launch. Cannon boomed as he climbed the steep bank leading from the lake to the piazza of the Old Forge house. Mr. Mowry was chosen as the presiding officer. He is a prominent democrat, and one of the leaders of the Cleveland faction in the state. His introduction of General Harrison was eagerly listened to, but he carefully avoided any and contented himself with a few flattering sentences. The other speakers were Assemblyman Sanger, ex-Senator Mills and Mr. McGuire.

The ex-president spoke as follows: "Mr. President and Neighbors and Friends: I congratulate you upon the success which has attended this patriotic effort. You have triumphed over all conditions. I thought for a time this morning that you would postpone to a more auspicious day the raising of this handsome flag at Old Forge."

"And, after all, this beautiful emblem of liberty never shines so well as when its background is dark. It has been loved best when the clouds were low. In those dark days in its early history, when it seemed that the God in whom our fathers trusted had forsaken them; when their resources seemed almost spent, and their indomitable valor had reached its last attainment, the flag which was the first emblem of our organization for free government shone so brightly and so luminous and so drew the hearts of men and the love and prayers of women, that in that dark day we were lifted out of the valley of despair and defeat to a glorious consummation, and to a victory that surpassed the world."

"And so, in the serious days of our later conflict for the integrity of the union, men seemed to love the flag most when fortune was most against it. In the dark days of '63, when every circumstance of almost every campaign seemed to be adverse, when Kirby Smith had penetrated the Cumberland Gap and was threatening the Ohio river cities, when Bull was retreating, unsuccessful from his campaign through Alabama, when McClellan seemed to be rendered powerless in the peninsula—in that time, when the clouds hung very low, there was revealed another triumph of the national spirit and another illustration of the indomitable patriotism of our population."

"For just at that time, when Mr. Lincoln's call came for 500,000 volunteers, though there seemed to be for a time a rest and pause, yet it was only the rest which the water makes before its leap over Niagara. That call was responded to with a magnificent impulse and quickness that again surprised the world and renewed the heart and courage of that noble man who presided over the destinies of our country; and again these clouds were lifted with the pledge that in no time of darkness would we forsake the flag."

"That flag stands to us for a sentiment for institutions. In itself, in the combination of colors that made it, in the bunting of silk of which it is made, there is nothing but the glorification for that what makes it dear to us. It is not the land of ours, wide, rich and rich as it is; it is not this wonderful scenery that opens to us here, these mountain peaks, these great lakes, these enticing summer grounds, nor the great plains of the west, where, while we rest, the farmer is pushing the plow to fill the granaries that feed the world; it is not this stretch of land, these rivers and mountains and plains; it is not the product of these; it is not Wall Street; it is not the Produce Exchange; it is not bulk meats; it is not the thing that has bulk. It is something that lives in the heart; it is an enshrined sentiment that makes this flag, and it stands for a glorious history."

"We look upon that flag and we think of Bunker Hill, and we see the gallant band expending the last charge of ammunition and battling with clubbed muskets over the breastworks and retiring at last defeated; yet, as some one said, Britain won the victory that day and we kept the hill. It speaks to us of Lexington and Concord, of Valley Forge, of Saratoga, of Yorktown, and of all those great achievements. We look upon it and think of Washington. We look again and see the benign face of Abraham Lincoln. We look again and Grant and Sherman and Sheridan are revealed to us. We see upon its folds the story of Vicksburg and Chickamauga and Chattanooga of Gettysburg and of Appomattox. It is the story that is woven into it that makes it precious to us; it is thus that it inspires. It is that for which it stands—a union of states, a government of the people, for they made it; by the people, for they conducted it; and for the people, for it has its object if it does not accomplish their good."

"It stands for a government of laws; for a civil organization; for a constitution that has assigned powers. It stands for the thought that our people have pledged their loyalty to a system of laws of their own making, subject to be changed by them; but, while they are laws, demanding the allegiance of every man and woman in the country."

"It is because we have learned the lesson that it seems to me the Anglo-Saxon people, or a people that has been wrought out of the various contributions that have come to these shores, the only people in the world that understand what it is to give the allegiance of the mind and of the heart to the civil institutions and not to men."

"What can any man do against that flag? Let him have mounted ever so high upon the roll upon the roll, let him have entranced himself ever so strongly in the affections of the people—if he lifts his hand against that flag he falls at once. He can lead no following

against it or against our free institutions. We have not forgotten as a people to esteem and to honor greatness in men. We have a veneration, deep, abiding and fervent, for the great men who have served this country, but we love them because they have served it—none of them has ever been so great that we could steal away the hearts of people from their love of it."

"We have in this at once the explanation and guarantee of the permanence of our civil institutions. Why is it that the South American countries that have imitated our example and organized republican governments have been so racked and tortured with revolutions? It is because they have not learned this great lesson—to give their affections and allegiance to institutions, to a constitution, and not to a man. In their impetuosity, in their will, unregulated thoughts of liberty, they follow a cockade, and are continually led into revolutions."

"I congratulate you, my countrymen, that it had become our settled habit to give our love to institutions—to the institutions for which that beautiful emblem stands. Again I congratulate you that you have lifted here in this gateway to this beautiful chain of lakes this emblem that shall greet the coming and the going of the tourist, and I beg to express my gratification at having been permitted to participate in these ceremonies, and to thank you for your generous and kind attention."

## PERSONAL JOTTINGS.

New Haven People and Their Summer Outings—Journelings Here and There. Rev. M. A. Munson of Shelter street supplied his old pulpit at Pittsfield, Vt., July 14 and 21. Mr. and Mrs. Munson spent a fortnight visiting friends in Pittsfield, Rutland and Fairhaven, Vt., and Ticonderoga, N. Y. At the latter place they met Deacon and Mrs. Hemingway of this city in the home of their daughter, Mrs. Joseph Cook, who is about to join her husband in Japan and accompany him in a two-years' tour of the world.

Mr. Enos Hopkins and wife of New York city are visiting the family of Mrs. Simmons Hine of 133 St. John street. Mr. Hopkins is quite well known here, and his many friends will be pleased to know that his health, which was much impaired sometime since, is now much improved. He will remain in New Haven for a few days.

Mrs. J. Gibbons is in Litchfield, Conn. Dr. Alfred S. Ives is at Philadelphia, Pa. Edgar A. Russell and family are at Simsbury, Conn.

C. B. Whitcomb and family are at Brooklyn, N. Y. F. S. Bradley and family have gone to Rowayton, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Barstow and family are visiting at Castine, Me.

W. A. Wright and family of Wall street are at Savin Rock. Prof. E. A. Richardson and family are at Woodbridge, Conn.

Prof. E. H. Sneath and family have gone to Middletown, Conn. Mrs. Thomas R. Trowbridge of Elm street is stopping at Indian Neck.

E. A. Rowland and family are spending a few weeks at Fairfield, Conn. Mrs. T. F. Callahan of 171 Chapel street is at the seashore for a month.

W. F. Gilbert and family of 123 College street are at Morris Cove. Mrs. C. P. Masden and family of 105 College street have gone to Mt. Lake, Pa.

Mrs. G. L. Feibler and Russell Hotchkiss and family are at West Haven, Conn.

E. Shipman and family of York Square have gone to the Catskills, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Jones and their daughter, Carrie L. Jones, are at Noran, Conn.

Mrs. S. M. Smith and Miss Jessie Smith are at Plainville camp ground until August 14.

Miss Minnie Phelps of Evanston, Ill., one of the delegates to the Christian Endeavor convention, is stopping with Mrs. Augur and daughter at 108 Liberty.

Miss Josephine Collins, Miss Catherine Collins and Miss Margaret Nolan will spend the month of August at Block Island and in the Catskill mountains, remaining two weeks at each place.

Mr. R. L. Dunning of the Boston and Providence Dispatch Express company and family are on an excursion trip through northern New York. They will visit the Thousand Islands and relatives in St. Lawrence and Franklin counties.

W. L. Weed is at Congress hall, Saratoga. Jesse W. Russell and wife have gone to Cape Ann on a vacation trip.

Mrs. F. P. Gilbert and Mrs. R. G. Bacon are at the Ocean house, Newport. Mrs. L. A. Austin is spending the season at the Atlantic house, Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pardee are making a month's visit at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Beardsley at Hartford. Miss Dora Beardsley is now away on a cruise up the Hudson, with the Misses Wakely and their father, Captain Wakely.

Theodore F. Platt, who for nearly twenty-seven years has been traveling salesman for the house of B. H. Douglas & Sons, Friday completed his last trip in his service, and on Saturday went to Pine Grove, in Canada, for a short visit before engaging in a new occupation.

Miss Elizabeth B. Sheldon, the youngest daughter of Judge Joseph Sheldon, has received a telegram from Atlanta, asking her to go there and confer with the board of managers for the Atlanta exposition relative to the interior decorations of the woman's building at the exposition. Miss Sheldon's work at the Chicago exposition, two years ago, was received with commendation. Miss Sheldon leaves Monday for Atlanta.

Jerome M. Maher, superintendent of mails at the postoffice, received this succinct cablegram from Cork, Ireland, and Saturday: "Delightful." It means, he thinks, that James F. Scott and Dr. S. J. Maher enjoyed the trip across the Atlantic on the Etruria.

William C. Foote of 113 Park street, who is connected with the Rex Paper Box company, will start to-day for a trip through Canada and will be absent two weeks.

George C. Breckinridge and Henry B. Bullard, Yale '93, are visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. D. P. Ramsdell of Wall street has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Edward Herman of Plainville.

Mrs. Charles S. Scoville is spending a month or six weeks with S. M. Scoville in Cornwall, Conn.

The Misses York of Edwards street are staying at Montowese.

## Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

NOW SUPPLIED IN "SPLITS."

Ask for "Splits" at the Restaurants and Bars.

Mrs. E. W. Marquardt, accompanied by her son, Herman, and Mrs. George O. Riven and Miss Lena and Charlotte Strandhagen, all of this city, are visiting friends in New York.

Miss Carrie B. Basset of 32 Pearl street has gone to New Bedford and before her vacation is over will stop at South Dartmouth.

Word comes in from Woodbridge that Miss Mildred Littlejohn, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn of Lake Place, who has been so seriously ill, is rapidly improving and her physician thinks the change of air and scene will be strong factors in the complete restoration to health.

The following were registered at Block Island yesterday: Stanley Mansfield, John Clancy, James Ailing, G. H. Chevis, Miss Well, Charles Well, Mrs. Well, Mrs. S. Spier, I. Chase, Mrs. Chase, Master Chase, R. J. Hawken, G. May, Mrs. Julia Avery, C. T. Bates, Mrs. Bates, F. L. Cowles, Mrs. Cowles, C. F. Morse, Mrs. Morse, J. E. Parsons, Mrs. Parsons, F. Kerrick, G. L. Hamilton.

Miss Marcia Davis of Middletown who has been the guest of the Misses Ellen and Kate Hofer of York street, has returned to her home.

Professor and Mrs. E. E. Salisbury are spending the summer at Lyme, Conn.

PAST MASTERS' VISIT. Program Arranged for the Entertainment of United Workmen.

Master Recorder L. B. Clark, New Haven, of the Association of Past Master Workmen of Connecticut, has issued the following circular:

Dear Sir and Brother: The fifth annual meeting of the Association of Past Master Workmen of Connecticut will be held at Ocean Beach park, New London, Thursday, August 8, 1895.

The members will assemble at the New London railway station at 1:30 o'clock p. m., where special electric cars will be in waiting to receive them. After a half hour's ride the party will reach the park.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the members will partake of a first class shore dinner, the tables being set in a pavilion reserved for the exclusive use of the association.

At the same time and place a convention of the subordinate Medical Examiners of Connecticut will be held, thus affording them an opportunity to make the acquaintance of Grand Medical Examiner William F. Temple and of each other.

Following the dinner a short business session will be held. During the remainder of the afternoon the numerous attractions of this famous shore resort will occupy the attention of the members and guests.

In the evening, commencing at 8 o'clock, a "Lodge of Instruction" will be held at Brainerd lodge room. All of the grand lodge officers will attend this meeting, and Grand Master Workman George F. Higgins will make an address on "Investigating Committees and their Duties," at the conclusion of which a short musical and literary entertainment and refreshments will be furnished under the auspices of Sprague lodge, No. 9, Thames lodge No. 13, Relief lodge No. 7, and Columbia lodge No. 62. Members residing north and west of New Haven should arrange to take the train leaving New Haven at 12:05 p. m. Members residing in the northern and eastern part of the state should take the train leaving Williamstown at 10:15 a. m. and Putnam at 11:05 a. m. On the arrival of all trains there will be committees in waiting at the New London depot to receive the visiting members.

The money in the treasury, together with the dues now being collected, will be sufficient to enable the association to provide a dinner free of expense to members. Be sure and notify the master recorder, on the enclosed postal card, whether you will be able to attend. The number attending the dinner must be closely estimated to insure good service.

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Salva-cea

the modern curative, Hits The Mark EVERY TIME.

More efficacious than any liniment, embrocation, or extract.

Especially useful in Summer for insect bites, sunburn, skin irritation.

Of marvelous potency in colds, bruises, chafings, stiff or sore muscles.

A positive cure for piles. Heals wounds and old sores when everything else fails.

Two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. At druggists, or by mail. THE BRANDETH CO., 274 CANAL ST., N. Y.

Wm. Frank & Co. 783 Chapel St.

As usual, we shall give Extraordinary Bargains for our great

THREE DAYS' SALES, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, July 29, 30 and 31.

Everyone now knows that if you go to William Frank & Co. the first three days of each week you will secure bargains that are amazing, and not duplicated by any other house.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT. Ladies' White Lawn Waists—\$1.00 quality reduced to 69c; \$1.25 to \$1.75 value reduced to 75c and 85c.

Wonderful reductions in Percale Shirt Waists, laundered collars and cuffs. Ladies' Black English Korsey Separate Skirts, stiff organ pipe pleats, a \$4.00 quality, for 3 days \$1.98.

Separate Skirts of fine figured Black Brilliantine, all lined throughout, stiff Godelet pleats back, worth \$5.00, special at \$2.85.

Ladies' Black Capes of fine French Broadcloth, full length, beautifully trimmed with wide black lace and pleated satin ruffle collar and streamers, cheap at \$5, but special at \$2.85. White Duck Shirts, best quality, 98c.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR. Ladies' good Hosiery, in fine hair line stripes, 50 pair. Children's Seamless Ribbed Tan color Hose, 15c quality, 7c.

Men's real French Balbriggan Shirts, pearl buttons, ribbed bottom, 65c quality, slightly soiled, therefore 3 for \$1.00. Ladies' extra size Ribbed Vests, white and ecru, handsomely trimmed, 35c value, at special 19c.

MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR. Men's Flannelette Shirts, full length, yoke back, 50c quality, at special 25c. Genuine Mother's Friend Boys' Cambric Shirt Waists, 50c value, at 25c.

Mother's Friend Laundered Waists, all white or fancy Percale, regular price 75c, at special 50c.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, Etc. Ladies' Drawers, best cotton, 4 cluster tucks, with Hamburg insertion and deep ruffle of fine embroidery, 50c quality, at 35c each, or 3 for \$1.00.

Ladies' Drawers, fine cotton, yoke band, cluster tucks, deep ruffle of 5-inch fine Torchon Lace, 60c quality, 39c. Nightgowns of fine cotton, round cambric ruffle, finished with feather-stitch braid, 60c quality, 39c.